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AN ACCOUNT OF SOME
WELL AUTHENTICATED
MIRACLES,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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“Miraculum proprie dicitur cum aliquid fit præter ordinem naturæ præter ordinem totius naturæ creatæ.”—St. Tho., p. 1, q. 110, a. 4.

MIRACLES.

The articles which have appeared in the October and November numbers of the “Nineteenth Century,” on the subject of miracles, have suggested to the writer that out of the innumerable miracles in the Catholic Church, which are considered as well authenticated, a few might be selected, the accounts of which would also show the kind of evidence by which they are supported.

The Scriptures and the Church have always insisted upon miracles, as one of the proofs of the Almighty's power, and as tests of their own credibility.

A miracle assumes that all the operations of nature are completely, immediately, and continually under the power of God. Thus, take the miracle of the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea. It is quite clear that, not in a general way but directly, every minute particle of water which composed that vast mass was separately and immediately under the control of the Almighty's will. It is the same with every miracle; it is an influence exercised by the power of the Creator over the atoms, which are thus obedient to the Divine command: and this is not less true if we admit, as we are pressed to do, and as in many cases there is no objection to our admitting, that even miracles are produced by the exercise, through His hand, of the existing powers of nature—as in the above miracle: the wind which drove

up the waters of the Red Sea was an existing force of nature.* We, therefore, conclude that the same influence pervades all nature, not only when miracles are being wrought, but for ever, and at all times, controlling these atoms. It would seem, indeed, that with God there is no such thing as a miracle—every change which He effects is but the exercise of that control over the powers of nature to produce such a result as He decrees—whilst with man all these operations are miraculous; and were we not accustomed to the marvels of nature we should call them all quite as miraculous as the wonders which we read of in Scripture. If man had never seen a flower, the transmutation out of the elements from the seed and earth into its marvellous beauty would strike him as miraculous; and the transmutation out of the elements, of every blade of grass which springs from the earth, would have the same effect upon his mind.

It is true that there is nothing which the modern philosopher is so determined to reject, as not miracles only, but all proofs of their existence, and this, not so much from the fear of being obliged to admit any doctrine of the Christian Faith, as from the innate conviction, that with the proof of *one* miracle, would be manifested the foundation on which the whole fabric of second causes rests, and he would stand face to face with the great Creator. Yet is it not worth his while, for so joyful a result, to examine, with no determination to reject them, such proofs as can be offered, and apply the most searching investigation to the testimony which can be adduced in their favour? Would it not be more than a satisfaction, yea, an enduring joy, to know that this beneficent Creator is ever at hand, not only to penetrate all the operations of nature, but also to know and to recognise the minutest actions of his creatures—the generosity of their self-sacrifice, the purity of their love, the tenderness of their kindness, their pursuit of good, and their resistance of evil; to feel that He who has implanted

* Sœur Emerich, in the Life of Our Lord, says:—"Il guérissait chaque malade de la façon qui était appropriée à son mal à son degré de foi et à sa nature. Il ne renversait pas l'ordre de la nature seulement il la délivrait de ses liens. Il ne tranchait pas le nœud, il le dénonait."—Vol. iii., p. 63, *Sœur E.*

in our hearts these noble sentiments (copies of his divine perfections) sees also our patient endurance, and

“Knows how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.”

Would it not be some consolation to know that within the loving embrace of his fatherly arms we shall breathe out our spirits, at that last hour, which even the scientific man must look forward to with some anxiety, rather than have our hopes sustained with the not very sublime expectation of the philosopher, of

“Being absorbed into universal things?”

It is the hope that the perusal of the following miracles may induce a more noble and heavenly aspiration than this, that has induced the writer to collect and publish them.

Before, however, adducing any miracles which have been performed since Apostolic times, it may not be out of place to quote the evidence of Gibbon, a most unwilling witness. He says :—

“From the first of the fathers to the last of the popes, a succession of bishops, of saints, of martyrs, and of miracles is continued without interruption, and the progress of superstition was so gradual, and almost imperceptible, that we know not in what particular link we should break the chain of tradition. Every age bears testimony to the wonderful events by which it was distinguished, and its testimony appears no less weighty and respectable than that of the preceding generation, till we are insensibly led on to accuse our own inconsistency, if, in the eighth or twelfth century, we deny to the Venerable Bede, or to the holy Bernard, the same degree of confidence which in the second century we had so liberally granted to Justin or Irenæus. If the truth of any of those miracles is appreciated by their apparent use, and propriety, every age had unbelievers to convince, heretics to confute, and idolatrous nations to convert.”—*Decline and Fall*, Vol. 2, c. 15, p. 308.

And if in the note he says :—

“In the long series of ecclesiastical history there does not exist a single instance of a saint, asserting that he himself possessed the gift of miracles” he could not have said anything which would more completely stamp their authenticity ; for the claiming of the

power to work miracles would argue such a want of humility, in him who worked them, as would at once cause the Christian reader to doubt their authenticity. To this of Gibbon may be added the remarks of the author of "Faith and Unfaith" in the *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1882:—

"The question, in each case, would be one of evidence, whether the relic were indeed what is asserted; and assuredly, for some miraculous fragments, the evidence that they are, what they profess to be, is overwhelming: while there is less room for doubt than in the case of many an authentic historical record, at which to cavil, would be the very wantonness of scepticism. If then, there be likelihood that any relic associated with Jesus be indeed what is claimed, then, from it, might still flow, the same virtue that healed the sick woman when she touched His garment's hem, for surely it would be the extremest materialism to maintain that a kerchief, or a robe, had efficacy only, while warm from the living bodies of those who wore them. Though it is not easy to frame any satisfactory definition of miracle, that, is fairly complete, which is usually accepted:—'An interruption or reversion of the ordinary laws of nature, whether this takes place by the suspension of those laws or by the interposition of a law that is higher, and overrides the lower.' We may go further, and assert, without danger of serious contradiction, that whoever has ceased to believe in miracles has lost all true faith in a personal God. And, if God be living, and personal, and the Church a living body, sanctioned and framed by Him—premises taken for granted by the enormous majority of professing Christians—it is absurd to suppose that the organs, so to speak, of miracle became atrophied at some date, not precisely fixed, and that the Being, who once acted through organs and agents, has now ceased to act at all in any true manner."

As there are certain miracles to which the Church has in a certain manner set her seal, either by appointing festivals in their memory, or by citing them in the Roman Breviary, some of them will be here mentioned:—

OUR LADY AD NIVES.

The beautiful feast of Our Lady of the Snow is kept with particular solemnity at the Sta Maria Maggiore, the Basilica, which was founded by the Roman Patrician and his wife, who desired to know how they might best spend the fortune which, having no children, they wished to bequeath to Our Lady, and were told to raise a church in her honour, on the Esquiline, on the spot which they would find covered with snow. The festival is in the Calendar of the Universal Church, and the shower of jessamine leaves, which falls during vespers from the dome of the chapel, in which the picture of Our Lady, by St. Luke, is preserved, still keeps up in a touching and picturesque manner, the memory of the miracle.

FINDING OF THE HOLY CROSS.

“After that famous victory, which the emperor Constantine gained over Maxentius, in the year 312, on the eve of which the banner of the Cross of the Lord had been given to him from heaven, Helen, the mother of Constantine, being warned in a dream, came to Jerusalem to seek for the Cross. There it was her care to cause to be overthrown the marble statue of Venus, which had stood on Calvary for about 180 years, and which had originally been put there to desecrate and destroy the memorial of the sufferings of the Lord Christ. The like Helen did at Bethlehem, by cleansing from an image of Adonis the stable where the Saviour was born, and from an idol of Jupiter, the place where He had arisen from the dead.

When she had thus cleansed the place where the Cross had stood, Helen caused deep excavations to be made, which resulted in the discovery of three crosses, and apart from them, the writing which had been nailed on that of the Lord. But which of the crosses had been His was unknown, and was only manifested by a miracle. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, after offering solemn prayers to God, touched, with each of the three, a woman who was afflicted with a grievous disease. The two first had no effect, but at the touch of the third she was immediately healed.

Helen, after she had found the life-giving cross, built over the site of the Passion a church of extraordinary splendour, wherein she

deposited part of the cross, shut up in a silver case; another part (which she gave to her son Constantine) was laid up in the Church of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, which he built at Rome, on the site of the Sessorian Palace. She also gave to her son the nails with which the Most Holy body of Jesus Christ had been pierced. Constantine established a law abolishing the punishment of crucifixion for all time coming, and thenceforth what had hitherto been a misery and a curse among men, began to be esteemed worshipful and glorious.”—*From the Roman Breviary, translated by the Marquess of Bute.*

THE VENERABLE BEDE.

The well authenticated miracles which are mentioned in the Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede, are so numerous that it is difficult to make a selection—that such were, however, wrought both by the hands of St. Augustine, and in his time, is evident from contemporaneous testimony.

Pope Gregory (says Bede) sent Augustine a letter concerning the miracles that he had heard had been wrought by him, wherein he admonishes him not to incur the danger of being puffed up by the number of them; he says:—“I know, most loving brother, that Almighty God, by means of your affection, shows great miracles in the nation which he has chosen. Wherefore it is necessary that you rejoice with fear, and be apprehensive in rejoicing on account of the same heavenly gift, viz., that you may rejoice because the souls of the English are by outward miracles, drawn to inward grace but, that you fear, lest amidst the wonders that are wrought the weak mind may be puffed up in its own presumption. And later, he says, whatsoever you shall receive or have received, in relation to working miracles, that you consider the same, not as conferred on you, but on those for whose salvation it has been given you.”

The following is one of those miracles:—

Augustine, with the assistance of King Ethelbert, drew together to confer with him, the Bishops, or Doctors of the next Province of the Britons, at a place, which is to this day called Augustine's Ac, that is Augustine's Oak, when St. Augustine tried to induce them

to undertake the common labour of preaching the Gospel to the Gentiles, and to keep Easter at the proper time, but they preferred their own traditions before all the Church in the world, which in Christ agree among themselves. The Holy Father, Augustine, put an end to this troublesome and tedious contention by saying : “Let us beg of God, who causes those who are of one mind, to live in His Father’s House, that He will vouchsafe by His heavenly tokens to declare to us which tradition is to be followed, and by what means we are to find our way to His Heavenly Kingdom. Let some infirm person be brought, and let the faith and practice of those, by whose prayers he shall be healed, be looked upon as acceptable to God and be adopted by all.” The adverse party unwillingly consenting, a blind man of the English race was brought, who, having been presented to the priest of the Britons, found no benefit or cure from their ministry. At length, Augustine, compelled by real necessity, bowed his knees to the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, praying that the lost sight might be restored to the blind man, and by the corporeal enlightening of one man the light of Spiritual Grace might be kindled in the hearts of many of the faithful. Immediately, the blind man received sight, and Augustine was by all declared the Preacher of the Divine Truth.

The following is the epitaph written on the tomb of St. Augustine :—

“ Here resteth the Lord Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, who, being formerly sent hither by the blessed Gregory, Bishop of the City of Rome, and by God’s assistance, supported with miracles, reduced King Ethelbert and his nation from the worship of the Idols to the faith of Christ, and having ended the days of his office in peace, died the 7th day of the Kalends of June, in the reign of the same King.”

The following miracle, which appears to be very well authenticated, shows the faith of the Saxons in several doctrines of the Catholic Church, and how widely that Church (from which the Church of England claims her descent) differed from its present doctrines :—

“In a certain battle, wherein Elfwin, the King’s brother, was killed, a memorable fact is known to have happened, which (says the Venerable Bede) I think ought not to be passed over in silence, for the relation of the same will conduce to the salvation of many. In that battle, one Imma, a youth, belonging to the King was left as dead, and having lain so all that day and the next night among the dead bodies, at length came to himself, and sitting, bound up his wounds in the best way he could. Then, having rested a while, he stood up and began to go off to seek some friends that might take care of him; but in so doing he was discovered and taken by some of the enemy’s army, and carried before their Lord, who was an Earl belonging to King Ethelred. The Earl entertained him, and ordered his wounds to be dressed, and when he began to recover, to prevent his escaping, he ordered him to be bound, but that could not be performed, for as soon as they that bound him were gone his bonds were all loosened. He had a brother called Tunna, who was a priest, and Abbot of a Monastery in the city, which from him is still called Tunnacestre. Hearing that his brother had been killed in the fight he went to see whether he could find his body, and finding another like him in all respects concluding it to be his, he carried the same to his Monastery and buried it honourably, and took care often to say masses for the absolution of his soul, the celebration whereof occasioned what I have said—that none could bind him, but he was presently loosed again. In the meantime, the Earl that kept him was amazed, and began to inquire why he could not be bound, whether he had any spells about him as are spoken of in fabulous stories. He answered, he knew nothing of those contrivances; “but I have,” said he, “a brother who is a priest in my country, and I know that he—supposing me to be killed—causes masses to be said for me, and if I were now in the other life, my soul there, through his intercession, would be delivered from pain.”

“As soon, therefore, as he had recovered he sold him at London to one Frisco, but he could not be bound by him the whole way, as he was led along, and though his enemies put several sorts of bonds on him, they were all loosed. The buyer, perceiving that he could

in noway be bound, gave him leave to ransom himself if he could, for at the third hour (nine in the morning) when the masses were wont to be said, his bonds were generally loosed. He having taken an oath that he would either return or send him the money for his ransom, went into Kent to King Lothere, who was son to the sister of Queen Etheldrid, above spoken of, for he had once been her servant. He obtained of him the price of his ransom, and, as he had promised, sent it to his master. Returning afterwards into his own country, and coming to his brother, he gave him an exact account of all his fortunes, good and bad ; and by his relation he understood that his bonds had been generally loosed at those times when masses had been celebrated for him, and that other advantages which had accrued to him in his time of danger had been conferred on him from heaven through the intercession of his brother and the oblation of the saving sacrifice. Many persons, on hearing this account from the aforesaid man, were stirred up in the faith and devotion of piety, either to prayer or to almsgiving, or to offer up to our Lord the sacrifice of the holy oblation for the deliverance of their friends who had departed this world, for they understood, and knew, that such saving sacrifice was available for the eternal salvation both of body and soul.

This story was also told me by some of those who had heard it related by the person himself to whom it happened ; therefore I thought fit to insert it in our Ecclesiastical History, as I had it fully made out to me."

It is well known that there are in the Catholic Church many bodies of the saints which remain uncorrupt to the present day. Of these, the first account which will be given will be from the writings of the Ven. Bede, and then the very remarkable one of St. Cecilia.

ST. CUTHBERT.

Bede relates many miracles performed at his tomb, and adds that eleven years after his death, the monks taking up his body, instead of dust which they expected, found it unputrified, with the joints pliable and the clothes fresh and entire. They put it into a new coffin placed above the pavement over the former grave, and several

miracles were there wrought even by touching the clothes which covered the coffin. William of Malmesbury writes that the body was again found incorrupt 415 years afterwards, at Durham, and publicly shown. When the shrine of the saint was plundered and demolished by the order of Henry VIII., the body of St. Cuthbert was found still entire, as Harpsfield testifies.

ST. ETHELRID.

The body of the holy virgin Ethelrid, spouse of Christ, when her grave was opened, being brought into sight, it was found as free from corruption as if she had died and been buried on that very day, as Bishop Wilfrid and many others that know it can testify. But the physician Cinfred, who was present at her death and when she was taken up out of the grave, was wont of more certain knowledge to relate that in her sickness she had a very great swelling under her jaw, "And I was ordered," said he, "to lay open that swelling to let out the noxious matter in it, which I did, and she seemed to be somewhat more easy for two days, so that many thought she might recover from her distemper; but the third day the former pains returning, she was soon snatched out of the world, and exchanged all pain and death for everlasting life and health. And when, so many years after, her bones were to be taken out of the grave, a pavilion being spread over it, all the congregation of brothers were on the one side and of sisters on the other, standing about it singing, and the abbess with a few being gone to take up and wash the bones.

"On a sudden, we heard the abbess within loudly cry out, 'Glory be to the name of the Lord.' Not long after they called me in, opening the door of the pavilion, where I found the body of the holy virgin taken out of the grave and laid on a bed, as if it had been asleep. Then, taking off the veil from the face, they also showed the incision, which I had made, healed up; so that to my great astonishment, instead of the open, gaping wound with which she had been buried, there then appeared only an extraordinary slender scar, besides, all the linen cloths in which the body had been buried appeared entire and as fresh as if they had been that very day wrapped about her chaste limbs."

ST. CECILY, VIRGIN MARTYR, A.D. 230.

His contemporary biographer, writing in the *Liber Pontificalis*, tells us that Paschal, who had succeeded to the See of Peter, in January, A.D. 817, removed the relics of the Popes from the Papal Crypt, and he wished, at the same time, to remove the relics of St. Cecilia; but he could not discover her tomb, so at length he reluctantly acquiesced in the report that her body had been carried off by Astulfus, the Lombard King, by whom Rome had been besieged, and their cemeteries plundered. Some four years afterwards, however, St. Cecilia appeared to him in a dream or vision, as he was assisting on his throne at Matins in the Vatican Basilica, and told him that when he was translating, the bodies of the Popes, she was so close to him, that they might have conversed together. In consequence of this vision he returned to the search, and found the body where he had been told. It was fresh and perfect as when it was first laid in the tomb, and clad in rich garments, mixed with gold, with linen cloths stained with blood rolled up at her feet, lying in a cypress coffin.

Paschal himself tells us that he lined the coffin with fringed silk, spread over the body a covering of silk gauze, and placing it in the same attitude in which he had found it, within a sarcophagus of white marble, deposited it under the high altar of the Church of Sta Cecilia, at Trastevere.

Nearly 800 years afterwards, A.D. 1599, Cardinal Sfondrati, of the title of "St. Cecilia," made considerable alterations in the church, and in the course of his excavations in the sanctuary, he came upon a wide vault beneath the altar. Two marble sarcophagi met his eyes. Trustworthy witnesses were summoned, and, in their presence, one of these sarcophagi was opened. It was found to contain a coffin of cypress wood. The Cardinal himself drew back the coffin lid. First appeared the precious lining and silk gauze with which Paschal had covered the body, nearly eight centuries before. Its colour had faded, but the fabric was still entire, and through its transparent folds could be seen the shining gold of the robes in which the martyr herself was clothed. After pausing a few moments, the Cardinal gently removed this silken covering, and the virgin form of St. Cecilia appeared in the very same attitude in

which she had breathed her last, on the pavement of the house in which the spectators were then standing, and which neither Urban or Paschal had ventured to disturb. She lay clothed in her robes of golden tissue, on which were still visible the glorious stains of her blood, and at her feet were the linen cloths mentioned by Pope Paschal and his biographer. Lying on her right side, with her arms extended in front of her body, she looked like one in a deep sleep. Her head, in a singularly touching manner, was turned round towards the bottom of the coffin, her knees were slightly bent and drawn together. The body was perfectly uncorrupt, and, by a special miracle, retained, after more than 1,300 years, all its grace and modesty, and recalled with the most truthful exactness Cecilia, breathing forth her soul on the pavement of her bath.

A more signal vindication of the Church's traditions, a more consoling spectacle for a devout Catholic, mourning over the schisms and heresies of those miserable times, a more striking commentary on the Divine promise—"The Lord keepeth the bones of his servants, He will not lose one of them," it would be difficult to conceive. One is not surprised at the profound sensation which the intelligence of this discovery created in the Eternal City.

Pope Clement VIII., at that time, sick at Frascati, deputed Cardinal Baronius to make a careful examination of the precious remains, and both he and Bosio have left accounts of what they witnessed. All Rome came to satisfy its curiosity and devotion, for the space of four or five weeks, during which the Virgin Martyr lay exposed for veneration, and when the tomb was again closed on St. Cecilia's Day, the Pope himself sang the mass. Cardinal Sfondrati erected the beautiful high altar which now stands over the saint's tomb, and beneath it he placed a statue, by Maduna, who had frequently seen the body, as the inscription intimates:—

"En tibi sanctissimæ virginis Cæcillæ imaginem quam ipse integram, in sepulchro jacentem, vidi, eandem tibi prorsus eodem corporis situ hoc marmore expressi."

"Behold the image of the most holy virgin Cecilia, whom I myself saw lying incorrupt in her tomb, I have in this marble expressed for thee the same saint in the very same posture of body."—*Northcote and Brownlow's "Roma Sotterranea."*

ST. JANUARIUS.

There is perhaps no miracle which has been so much scoffed at, and derided, as the Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius; still the Church has not hesitated to mention it in the Breviary, and devout Catholics still have the faith to believe in it. Attempts have, of course, been made to explain it, but so clever and scientific a man as Sir Humphrey Davy could detect no fraud in the liquefaction; and the evidence on which we receive all miracles (except those recorded in the Holy Scriptures, and which we cannot question,) appears to us satisfactory. A portion of that evidence is as follows:—

“It is also well known, and is the plain fact, seen even unto this day, that when the blood of Januarius, kept dried up in a small glass vial, is put in sight of the head of the same martyr, it is used to melt and bubble in a very strange way, as though it had but freshly been shed.”—*Roman Breviary, Sep. 19, Marquess of Bute’s translation.* And Butler says:—“The standing miracle (as it is called by Baronius) of the blood of St. Januarius, liquefying and boiling up at the approach of the martyr’s head, is likewise very famous. In a rich chapel called the Treasury, in the great Church of Naples, are preserved the blood, in two very old glass vials, and the head of St. Januarius. The blood is congealed and of a dark colour, but when brought in sight of the head, though at a considerable distance, it melts, bubbles up, and upon the least motion, flows on any side. The fact is attested by Baronius, Ribadeniera, and innumerable other eye witnesses of all nations and religions, many of whom most attentively examined all the circumstances. The usual times when it is performed are the feast of St. Januarius, the 19th September, that of the translation of his relics (when they were brought from Puzzioli to Naples), and the Sunday which falls next to the Kalends of May. From several circumstances this miracle is traced much higher, and it is said to have regularly happened on the annual feast of St. Januarius, and on that of the translation of his relics from the time of that translation about the year 400.”

One of our own Bishops, well known for his intelligent discrimination, writing from Naples on May 14th, 1881, speaks thus of what he saw:—

“First we saw the vial of blood. The vial appeared to be rather more than half-full of a perfectly solid matter, in quantity it might be equal in bulk to a plover’s egg, but it was hard, dry, and of a brown colour, approaching black. The vial itself is enclosed in a kind of circular box, with glass on the two sides, very much like that part of a monstrance in which the sacred Host is exposed, only, instead of rays there is a thick silver rim. This circular case is surmounted by a solid silver crown, and from the lower parts projects a silver stick, which is let into a socket or stand when it is carried in procession or put away in the treasury. The Archbishop turned the vial upside down repeatedly to see whether the blood was liquefying. He then began the prayers—the Apostles creed—the Athanasian creed—the Litany of Our Lady—the Salve Regina—the Miserere—and other prayers. It was a perfect picture to see the fervour with which the prayers were recited. And while the clergy were praying at the altar a crowd of some forty or fifty persons, called the family of St. Januarius, on the gospel side of the altar, outside the sanctuary were praying away independently and aloud, they seemed to be chiefly engaged in reciting the Rosary. The first half-hour passed, and the second without any change in the vial. The Archbishop again and again examined it, and held it in every position coaxing it, as it were, to flow, but it remained perfectly hard, and of the dull colour already described. The prayers went on, the “Salve Regina” was again said most fervently, then a change was perceived taking place in the vial, the fervour increased, the Athanasian creed was again recited, followed by the Miserere. We could now all distinctly see that the sides of the mass of blood had become softened, and that the whole mass began to slip as the vial was moved. The Master of Ceremonies was about to give the signal that the miracle was wrought by tinkling the little silver hand-bell which was on the altar, but the Archbishop said “No,” and again began the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and the “Salve Regina.” When these were finished he once more turned the vial

slowly upside down, and behold the entire mass of blood flowed or slipped with the motion of the vessel. The miracle was wrought after the prayers had been recited for 75 minutes, and the little bell now gave notice of it. There was a kind of scarcely suppressed expression of feeling of delight manifested throughout the church. I was then able to take the vial into my hands and to hold it close against a candle to examine its contents more carefully, and to balance it backwards and forwards to test the liquidity of the blood. In colour it had now become of the appearance of half melted red currant jelly, it did not flow like a stream of liquid blood, nor did the mass separate into portions, but the whole seemed to adhere together, the external parts becoming of the consistency of half melted jelly, and transparent, while a heavy clot remained in the centre unmelted and solid. The liquefaction sometimes takes place after a few minutes' prayer, sometimes after an hour's, sometimes after two or three hours' prayer. On some occasions the delay into the night has been so long that they have taken it back into the Duomo, and it has liquefied on the way, but, sooner or later, the miracle always takes place. Again sometimes the blood boils up and bubbles filling almost the entire vial, and at other times it liquefies as it did on the present occasion, at other times the whole mass liquefies more fully, and sometimes a very small portion of it changes.

If you ask what is the meaning of this miracle, all that can be said is that it certainly helps to maintain one's faith in the supernatural in the power of God and the intercession of the Saints; God's ways are inscrutable, and we can set no measure to them, why He should choose one saint, not another, one form of intervention, not another, one time, one people, and not another—all this is beyond our ken. But is the miracle true? It has been tested again and again, science cannot account for it, Sir Humphrey Davy, and other Protestant men of science have examined it and have admitted that there was no human way of accounting for the phenomenon. Quite recently a scientific inquiry into it has been published at Naples, the conclusion of which is that no law in Nature can explain the occurrence of the liquefaction. As to believing in it, people can do as they please, the Church leaves us free to form any opinion we

please, but granted the existence of the supernatural and of miracles, it seems to me to require a greater effort of reason to disbelieve than to believe. All kinds of evidence and of tests converge towards one conclusion—why then not accept it, or rather how can you reasonably refuse to accept it?

In ending this brief account of the miracle of St. Januarius I will make a confession, I had no desire to witness it, and it was with some difficulty I had allowed myself to be persuaded to remain two days longer in Naples in order to see it—not that I at all disbelieved, but I did not feel curious or anxious to see it. I am now very glad that I beheld it, the order, reverence, and faith of the whole proceeding was most edifying, and the sight of the miracle tends to strengthen one's faith in the supernatural and in the goodness of God."

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

A short account will now be given of the Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi. The existence of these miraculous wounds on the body of St. Francis is a fact as well authenticated as the battle of Hastings. What renders these miraculous manifestations more satisfactory to the Catholic mind is to know that they who receive them are subjected to several severe tests before the heavenly origin of the appearance is admitted, such as:—Have they induced the disposition to hide such favours? Is the recipient more humble than before—more obedient to his superiors—more filled with charity and love for the sufferings of our Lord? Let the readers of the beautiful life of this Saint, by Mrs. Oliphant, decide these questions and then proceed. The Roman Breviary says:—

"Upon the feast day of the uplifting of the Holy Cross, as St. Francis was praying upon the side of the mountain, he saw a vision of a crucified seraph which left in his hands and feet holes with nails therein, and in his side a great wound. Holy Bonaventura hath left it in writing that he once heard Pope Alexander IV., when preaching, testify that he himself had seen these marks. It was a sign of such love of Christ towards him as stirred up the great wonder of all men."—*Translation by the Marquess of Bute, St. Francis, October 4.* And Butler says:—

“After a sweet and intimate conversation, the vision of the seraph disappearing, his soul remained interiorly inflamed with a seraphic ardour, and his body appeared exteriorly to have received the image of the crucifix, as if his flesh like soft wax had received the mark of a seal impressed upon it. For the marks of nails began to appear in his hands and feet, resembling those he had seen in the vision of the man crucified. His hands and feet seemed bored through in the middle, with four wounds, and these holes appeared to be pierced with nails of hard flesh, the heads were round and black, and were seen in the palms of his hands and in his feet, in the upper part of the instep. The prints were long and appeared beyond the skin, on the upper side, and were turned back as if they had been clenched with a hammer. There was also, in his right side, a red wound as if made by the piercing of a lance, and this often threw out blood, which stained the tunic and drawers of the saint.” Then an Encyclical Letter of our most holy father Leo XIII., written for the 700th anniversary of the birth of St. Francis, says:—

“We here recall a fact, no less striking as a miracle than considered famous, by the voice of hundreds of years. One day St. Francis was absorbed in ardent contemplation of the wounds of Jesus crucified, and was seeking to take to himself and drink in their exceeding bitterness, when an angel from heaven appeared before him, from whom some mysterious virtue emanated; at once St. Francis feels his hands and feet transfixed as it were, with nails, and his side pierced by a sharp spear. Thenceforth was begotten an immense charity in his soul; on his body he bore the living tokens of the wounds of Jesus Christ.”

Of the authors of the life of St. Francis, and of their veracity Mrs. Oliphant says:—

“The first is by Thomas of Celano, a brother of the Franciscan Order, a man of distinguished attainments, and to whom the noble Latin hymn “*Dies Iræ*” has been often attributed, and was written only three years after the death of Francis. The second is by three of his disciples, calling themselves the three companions of Francis. Its authors were Ruffino, Angelo, and Leo, brethren in constant communication with Francis, the sharers of his life, and his attend-

ants to the very moment of his death—witnesses, accordingly, of the most trustworthy description. The third narrative, written 37 years after his death, is by the distinguished and eloquent Bonaventura, one of the greatest ornaments of the Franciscan Order. It will be apparent that there are very few historical personages of whom we have such full and trustworthy records.

Most miracles grow visibly as the stream of history flows on, and come to a very simple germ indeed if we trace them back to the fountain head. But the honours of the stigmata are as fully claimed for Francis, in the memoir written three years after his death, as in the half-idolatrous romances of his order made centuries later. The great central fact remains unenlarged, unchanged.

The Three Companions give the story in almost the same words, the only difference in their narrative being that the seraph does not itself display the form of the cross, but “carried within its wings the form as of a beautiful man crucified, the hands and feet extended, as on a cross, showing forth most clearly the image of our Lord Jesus. . . . When this vision disappeared,” they add, “a wonderful ardour of love remained in his soul, and in his flesh, still more marvellously, appeared the stigmata of the Lord Jesus Christ, which the man of God carried concealed to his death, not willing to publish the secret of God.

Celano, we have already said, wrote three years after the death of Francis, and must have been in possession of everything then known and believed on the subject. The Three Companions did not compose their narrative until 20 years after his death, but they were his constant companions during his life, and two out of the three are reported to have been with him on the Monte Alverno. Bonaventura’s description of the stigmata themselves coincides exactly with every other account.”

DOMINICA LAZARI.

That there have been, and continue still to be, in the Catholic Church, persons bearing in their bodies, the marks of the Lord Jesus, is well known. One of the most remarkable cases is that of Maria Dominica Lazari, a poor peasant girl, of the Italian Tyrol.

She was visited by the Earl of Shrewsbury in the year 1842, and he wrote an account of her in a pamphlet which appeared in that year. Several of the writer's friends visited her also, and, among others, he had a most circumstantial account of her case from the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, whose truthfulness no one could doubt. Mr. Allies also, in 1847, visited her, and wrote an account of his visit. Perhaps this was the most awful copy of the sufferings of our divine Lord which has ever been witnessed. All agree that she was a pious and good Catholic; all agree that neither she nor her friends could be induced to accept any money or gifts; and all agree in the following facts, which are copied from Mr. Allies's letter:—

“At the end of a low room, near the wall, on a bed hardly larger than a crib, *Dominica* lay crouched up, the hands closely clasped over the breast, the head a little raised, the legs gathered up nearly under her in a way the bedclothes did not allow us to see. About three-quarters of an inch under the roots of her hair a straight line is drawn all round the forehead, dotted with small punctures a quarter of an inch apart. Above this the flesh is of the natural colour, perfectly clear and free from blood. Below, the face is covered down to the bottom of the nose, and the cheeks to the same extent, with a dry crust or mask of blood. Her breast heaved with a sort of convulsion, and her teeth chattered. On the outside of both hands, as they lie clasped together in a line with the second finger about an inch from the knuckle, is a hard scar, of dark colour, rising above the flesh, half-an-inch in length by about three-eighths in width; round these the skin is slightly reddened, but quite free from blood.

From the position of the hands, it is not possible to see well inside, but stooping down on the right of her bed I could almost see an incision answering to the outward one, and apparently deeper. I leaned over her head within a foot of the corona on her forehead and closely observed the wounds. She looked at us very fixedly, but hardly spoke. We heard her only cry “*Dio Mio*” several times when her pains were bad. She seemed to enter into Signor *Yoris*'s conversation, smiled repeatedly, and bent her head. But it

it was an effort to her to attend, and at times the eyes closed, and she became insensible. By far the most striking point in her appearance this evening was that dry mask of blood descending so regularly from the punctured line round the forehead, for it must be remarked that *the blood has flowed in a straight line all down the face as if she were erect*, not as it would naturally flow from the position in which she was lying, that is off the middle to the sides of the face. And what is strangest of all, there is a space all round the face, from the forehead down to the jaw, by the ears, quite free from blood, and of the natural colour, which is just that part to which the blood, as she lies, ought most to run.

Mr. Allies visited her again on the following day, and writes as follows :—

“When we visited Dominica at half-past five this morning, the change was very remarkable. The hard scars on the outside of her hands had sunk to the level of her flesh, and became raw, and fresh running wounds, but without indentation, from which there was a streak of blood, running a finger’s length, not perpendicularly, but down the middle of the wrist. The wound inside the left hand seemed, on the contrary, deep and furrowed, much blood had flowed, and the hand seemed mangled ; the wound of the right hand, inside, could not be seen. The punctures round the forehead had been bleeding, and were open, so that the mask of blood was thicker, and very terrible to look at. The darkest place of all was the tip of the nose, a spot which, as she was lying, *the blood, in its natural course, could not reach at all*. It must be observed again, “that *the blood flows as if she were suspended, and not recumbent.*” The sight is so fearful that a person of weak nerves would very probably be overcome by it. Indeed Signor Stamfa and his servant were both obliged to leave the room.

The points, says Mr. Allies, in her case which are beyond and contrary to nature are these :—

1st. For thirteen years she has neither eaten or drank, except that very small portion of the Host, which she receives once or twice weekly.

2nd. On the hands and feet, inside and outside, she bears the

wounds of our Lord ; both sides run with blood ; whether the wounds go through is not known ; and on the left side is a wound which also bleeds.

3rd. She has on her brow, as I saw and I have described, and, I believe, all round the head, the mark of the crown of thorns, a series of punctures, and a red line as if of something pressing on the head.

4th. All these wounds run with blood at present, and during thirteen years have done the like, regularly, and at an early hour on Friday, and on that day alone.

Combining the first and fourth fact, we get a phenomenon which sets at utter defiance all physical science, and which seems to me a direct exertion of Almighty power, and of that alone.

“ Medical men,” said Signor Yoris, “ have been in abundance to see her, and have studied her case, but no one has furnished the least solution of it.” He assured me he had seen the wounds on her feet a hundred times, and that the blood flowed upwards, towards the toes, as we saw it did on the nose. Since for the last two years she has been contracted and drawn up by the disease, the feet cannot be seen.”

If anything in this world can be called miraculous it is surely *the suspension of the law of gravitation*. Mr. Allies did not see the feet, which were then drawn up in the bed, as above mentioned, but in the account given by the Earl of Shrewsbury and by the Rev. Mr. Spencer, and who saw the feet also, the same miraculous fact, of the blood flowing upwards, was also attested.

LOUISE LATEAU:

The last instance which will be given is that of Louise Lateau, who was until very lately, and is, I believe, still living at Bois d'Haine, in the province of Hainault. An account of this case is given by Dr. Lefebvre, in a small book published by Richardson and Son, from which a few extracts will be given. This, however, cannot convey anything like so lively an impression of the facts as the perusal of the whole of this interesting narrative would do.

“ The first issue of blood appeared on the 24th April, 1868 ; it was a Friday. On that day the young girl noticed that blood was

flowing from the left side of her chest. With her habitual reserve she did not mention the fact to any one. The following Friday it again flowed from the same part, and, in addition, from the upper surface of each foot.

“On the third Friday, the 8th May, the blood flowed during the night from the left side and the two feet, and towards nine o'clock the next morning it issued copiously from the two hands, both from the back and palms. From that date the bleedings have reappeared at the same points every Friday, with slight variations, which we shall note hereafter. Finally, on the 25th September, in the same year, the blood flowed from a circle, surrounding the forehead, and since that date has been repeated more than 30 times.

“The quantity of blood that Louise loses each Friday varies considerably. During the first few months of the appearance of the stigmata, and before the ecstasies had shown themselves, the flow was more abundant, and continued longer, than it does at present; the amount of blood escaping from the nine wounds was estimated by the first witnesses at nearly 30 ounces. The stigmatization appears each Friday, with unbroken regularity, and the bleeding crown around the head, which showed itself at first but rarely, does so now on each successive week. The flow of blood ceases, as we have said, at no definite and fixed period. The next day, Saturday, the stigmata are dry, and there is not the slightest sign of suppuration.

“Louise, scarcely able the day before to make use of her hands, or to keep upon her feet, resumes early the next morning her usual labours, which she only interrupts to walk more than half a mile to the parish church to her religious duties.”

After this follows an account of her ecstasies. The ecstasy is renewed each Friday; it commences in the early morning between eight and nine o'clock and terminates about six in the evening.

“In these ecstasies the sufferings of our Lord throughout his passion are presented in a striking manner with a terrible reality.” Dr. Lefebvre goes on to remark:—

“No one with the slightest knowledge of Louise Lateau has suspected her for a single moment of a deception. The integrity

of her every action, her simple and unaffected piety, and, still more, the heroic and devoted charity she has so often displayed, are, in the eyes of all, the very antithesis of hypocrisy." He thus concludes:—

"The Church, having once given her sanction, by recognising and affirming the supernatural nature of these stigmata, tacitly permits her children to follow their devotional instincts, and excite their love and fervour, by the consideration of these manifestations of God's power so wonderfully set before their eyes. For it cannot be denied that such fruits have most abundantly resulted in those times and places where they have occurred, and it would thus seem to be a design of God, by a continued series of these living pictures of the Passion of His Divine Son, as shadowed forth in the persons of his servants, to maintain, in an age of especial scepticism and growing unbelief in Divine agency, a perpetual evidence that the hand of the Lord is not shortened, nor his power diminished among the children of men. That now, as ever, in the nineteenth century as in the first, He will not leave his faithful ones to battle unaided and alone; but will deign at times to pierce the obscurity which surrounds their path, and permit them, even on this earthly pilgrimage, a partial glimpse of that glory which they shall only see completely unveiled hereafter."

MIRACLES OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

"The voyage from Singapore to San-Chan—the last voyage of Francis Xavier—was made memorable by several prodigies, and we find incidents of this kind crowded into the few last months of his life, as if he was to be magnified before men, after having incurred so severe a disappointment at Malacca. After leaving Singapore the vessel was becalmed for fourteen days. They were in all 500 souls on board, and the fresh water was soon consumed. No land was to be seen. The ship lay motionless on the sea, the torrid summer's sun streaming fiercely down upon it from a cloudless sky. Boats were sent out to search for some island that was thought to be not far off, but, after they had ventured as far as they could go with safety, they returned without any result. In this terrible strait the captain and crew—they were in great part Don Alvaro's people, and so

hostile to Francis—remembered that they had the “holy Father” on board, the power of whose charity and miracles had rung through the whole East. They went to Francis and besought him to help them in their need. Francis placed a crucifix before them, and bade them all kneel with him and sing the Litanies of the Saints. Then he retired for a short time into his own cabin to pray, after which he came forth and bade them be of good courage. He had a boat lowered and went into it with a child. He told the child to take some of the sea water and taste it. It was salt. Then he bade him try again. This time it was sweet. On this, Francis went on deck, and ordered the crew to fill all the barrels and vessels they had with the sea water. They obeyed him, but when they tasted the water it was still salt. Then Francis Xavier blessed the water in all the vessels with the sign of the holy cross, and it was found to be sweeter and fresher than the water of Bangan, as the sailors said. Bangan was the name of a spring at Goa, the water of which was highly prized. There was enough water, after abundantly supplying all present needs, for the people on board to keep some of it as a treasure, and in this way it became famous over the East, being often used for cures and the like, as if it were the water of some miraculous well.

This miracle is one of those which were specially selected from the Processes by the auditors of the Rota as being beyond all doubt and cavil. The eye-witnesses, whose names are given, and who swore to the truth of these facts at Cochin, are two whose names occur in the letters of St. Francis at this time : Domenico Caldeira, who was 98 years old when he was examined ; and Joam Botello, who was 85. Botello was one of those who drew the water out of the sea at the order of Francis and tasted it before it was blessed, finding it salt ; and then again after it was blessed, when it was sweet. There were a great many other witnesses who had heard the story from eye-witnesses perfectly worthy of credit, but these two seem to have been the only survivors within reach, of the persons actually present.

The calm ceased, and the Santa Croce was able to pursue her course to San-Chan. The remainder of the voyage was full of

wonders, which, as we have said, seem crowded to an unusual degree into these last weeks of the life of St. Francis. A Mussulman lost his child, a boy of five years old, who fell overboard at a time when the ship was running fast before the wind, and when it was impossible even to make an attempt to save him. The poor father was in despair for three days, till he chanced to come across Francis Xavier on the deck.

It seems that Francis had not heard of the accident. He asked the father whether he would believe in Jesus Christ if his child were restored to him. The man declared he would, and after a few hours he met his child, bright and joyous as ever, running to him on the deck. He kept his promise, and was baptised with all his family."—*Life of St. Francis Xavier, by Father Coleridge.*

PASCAL.

In the life of Madame Schimmelpeninck a miraculous cure is narrated, said to have been operated on the niece of the great Pascal.

"Marguerite Perrier, daughter of M. Perrier, counsellor in the Court of Aides of Clermont, and of Gilberte Pascal, sister of the celebrated M. Blaise Pascal, was placed at Port Royal, with her eldest sister, in 1653, by their mother, who made it her earnest endeavour to give her children a Christian education. God, who was pleased to manifest his works and his power in the person of his child, suffered her to be afflicted, during three years and a half, with a "fistula lacrymalis" in the corner of her left eye. This fistula, which was very large externally, had made great ravages within. The bones of the nose were become carious, and perforated to the palate; so that the discharge, which was continual, ran down her cheeks and nostrils, and sometimes into the throat. Her eye was considerably diminished, and the parts around so diseased that to touch her head on that side caused great pain. It was impossible to look at her without shuddering, and the discharge which ran from the ulcer was so intolerably offensive that the surgeons recommended her being separated from the other boarders in the convent. She was accordingly placed in a separate chamber with one of her companions, much older than herself, who

from motives of duty undertook to remain with her. All the most famous oculists, surgeons, and operators were consulted, but their remedies only served to irritate the disorder. Fearing that the ulcer would extend itself over the face, three of the most able surgeons of Paris, MM. Cressé, Gelliard, and Dalencé advised the actual cautery, without, at the same time, expressing much hope of a cure. In a word, she was now in so deplorable a state that when she was spoken of, before Madame D'Aumont, she wished for her death to end her sufferings, and whenever miracles were mentioned she said that if this disorder were to be cured it would be indeed a miracle. The opinion of the surgeons was sent to M. Perrier, who immediately set out to be present at the operation, and was daily expected. On the morrow Mad'llie Tardieu called at Port Royal, and told Sœur Magdeleine des Anges de Druy that M. de la Poterié (an ecclesiastic of fortune and piety, who had, with great pains, made a collection of holy relics) had a holy thorn, which he had exhibited to all the communities in the district, and that, if she approved, he would bring it to her the next day. For three days the Mère des Anges had remained in a kind of retreat, where she continued night and day to lift her hands to heaven; no hope being left of help from men. But it was the moment when the interference of heaven was to be shown for her and her community. The nuns, having received the thorn, placed it on a little altar in the choir; and the community had notice to attend a procession, to be made after Vespers, in honour of it. Vespers being finished, hymns were sung and prayers made suited to the Crown of Thorns and the mysteries of the sacred Passion. After which they, each according to their rank, kissed the sacred relic, first the nuns, then the novices, afterwards the boarders. When it came to the turn of the little Perrier, Sœur Flavie Passant, mistress of the novices, who had placed herself near the grille, to see these children pass, having perceived her, could not see her so disfigured without horror, mingled with compassion, and said to her:—"Recommend yourself to God, my child, and touch your bad eye with the holy thorn;" and she herself, says the Sœur Euphémie Pascal, took the holy relic and applied it without reflection. Having all retired they returned it to M. de la Poterié.

In the evening the Sœur Flavie, who thought no more of what she had done, heard little Perrier say to one of her little sisters, "My sister, I have no longer anything the matter with me; the Holy Thorn hath cured me:" in fact, the Sœur Flavie, on going near, found her left eye, that which had been diseased, quite well, and not in the least differing from the other, although it had been in a state that was painful to behold. The cure was so perfect that the Sœur Euphémie, her aunt, speaking of the disorder and of the cure, says in her letter that it would now require a much larger measure of faith in those who have not seen it to believe she ever had the disease, than in those who had seen it, to believe she had been cured in a moment by a miracle as great and as visible as restoring sight to the blind. There were six physicians and five surgeons who affirmed the miracle.

Pascal had some years previously to this miracle made a decidedly religious profession, but his health having suffered from severe mental exertion, his medical friends advised relaxation. This was the unfortunate occasion of his total relapse into the world. The cure of his niece put the final stroke to his vacillations. He became truly converted. He was deeply impressed by the circumstance, and wore ever after a seal, the device of which was a crown of thorns, from which emanated rays of light. Underneath was this motto—

"Scio cui credidi."

"I know in whom I have believed."

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Some miracles which were performed at Lourdes are mentioned in an article in the "Nineteenth Century" for November. Those which are given below are taken from a book entitled, "Notre Dame de Lourdes," by Henri Lasserre, and the ninety editions which this book has gone through have been perused and believed by thousands of persons, I dare say no more inclined to credulity than Huxley or Tyndal, but who are not inclined to reject the supernatural when the facts are proved by such evidence as an intelligent enquirer is bound to accept.

M. Lasserre tells us that at a spot indicated to a little child by the vision of the Immaculate Conception, a spring of water miraculously flowed, where there had been nothing but the rock and dry sand before; that it has flowed ever since, and still continues to flow, in a stream about the thickness of a child's arm. He tells us that the fact of there being no spring there before is as notorious to thousands of the inhabitants of Lourdes, and the neighbourhood, as the existence of the spring is now patent to every visitor to the grotto.

Of the hundreds of miracles which have taken place at this healing stream, and which have been judicially enquired into, and attested by witnesses of every rank and station of life, it will be sufficient here to mention that which occurred to Louis Bourriette. This man was a stone quarrier, and by the accidental explosion of a mine he had received a permanent injury to his right eye called an amarois. This was pronounced by the doctors to be incurable, but by the application of the water from this miraculous source he was completely cured. This was incredible to the Doctor Dejons, who had examined the eye, who held up to his view a paper on which he had written these words: "Bourriette has an incurable amarois, and he will never be cured." These words, to the astonishment of the doctor, were read by Bourriette with a loud voice and without the least hesitation. The doctor was a man of science, and a conscientious man. He recognised and proclaimed without hesitation that the sudden cure of an incurable disease was the work of a superior power.

This miracle of course attracted the attention of the people of Lourdes, who knew Bourriette so well from his face having been disfigured by the explosion, and the truth of it was tested by every means that ingenuity could devise; and Henry Lasserre says: "The written conclusions of these two physicians, who, as well as Louis Bourriette, were still living, were recorded by them in two separate detailed reports, which were asked for later on by the episcopal commission, charged to examine into the occurrences at Lourdes."

It seems impossible for anyone who is prepared to believe in

the existence of facts, on good and sufficient evidence, to doubt that these miraculous occurrences actually took place.

The miracles which have been related above are drawn from such a number of well-authenticated ones that they must be regarded as illustrations only of the marvellous power inherent in the Church ; and which has in every age been exercised in confirmation of her doctrines and her divine mission. There is scarcely one of the canonized saints about whom marvels as great have not been juridically proved, on the testimony of eye-witnesses, before such saint could be enrolled in her calendar. These miracles are subjected to the severest tests of hostile criticism before they are recognised as such—not the least searching of these tests being also applied to the character for heroic sanctity of those who perform them.

The only marvels which in the present day challenge the faith or the credulity of the Protestant world are the necromantic displays of the Spiritualist, produced at the séance or on the platform, and which, from their very nature and the miserable trifles with which they deal, cannot have God for their author. Yet they are paraded before thousands both here and in America.

Although nothing is more certain than that God will not force His truths upon those who have not the moral fitness to see them—although He is the rewarder only of those who diligently seek Him—and although the saints, like their Divine Master, do not many miracles because of unbelief, I shall scarcely be surprised to find, as the desire for the marvellous has its proper as well as its forbidden gratification, that there are still many of good faith in this miserable age of doubt and growing infidelity, and to whom such evidences as these miracles present have not before been offered, who will be pleased to find that in every age, since the time of our Lord, there have been, and are, prodigies in the Catholic Church, attesting in no doubtful manner the presence of the same Divine power, to whom, as well as to whose servants, the elements are still obedient, as they were to Elias and Eliseus ; and whose energy a few thousand years has had no effect in diminishing, when the faith, the simplicity or the necessities of His dear children, call for His almighty aid.

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